

Prof. J. H. Fairchild

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CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM:

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A SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE

Representatives' Hall, Lansing, Michigan,

FEBRUARY 22, 1863.

By REV. EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF HILLSDALE COLLEGE.



LANSING:

John A. Kerr & Co., Book and Job Printers.

1863.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 24, 1863.

REV. EDMUND B. FAIRFIELD, LL. D.:

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, members and officers of the Michigan Legislature, and citizens of Lansing, believing that the publication of the sermon on "CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM," delivered by you in the Representatives' Hall last Sabbath, would advance the cause of our common country, in this time of her greatest trial, would respectfully request of you a copy for publication.

CHAS. S. MAY,
CHARLES MEARS,
E. O. GROSVENOR,
E. O. HUMPHREY,
E. BUELL,
N. GREEN,
M. C. WATKINS,
W. DIVINE,
S. H. BLACKMAN,
J. G. WAIT,
C. M. CROSWELL,
T. F. MOORE,
J. B. WELCH,
C. BUCKLEY,
W. T. HOWELL,
JAMES FOWLE,
AURA SMITH,
J. S. DIXON,
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THADDEUS G. SMITH,
A. WILLIAMS,
D. G. SLAFTER,

S. M. CUTCHEON,
CHAS. MOSHER,
H. P. COMBES,
A. D. GRISWOLD,
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JAS. A. SWEEZEY,
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ASA SPENCER,
WM. WHEELER,
S. B. BLISS,
ED. W. BARBER,
WM. A. HALL,
J. A. CROSMAN,
GEO. W. POMEROY,
C. E. NASH,
JOSEPH MILLS,
H. D. PORTER,
H. W. WALKER,
S. R. GREENE,
E. LONGYEAR,
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J. B. PORTER,
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B. F. SIMONS,
W. EMORY,
C. B. SEYMOUR,
M. D. OSBAND,
H. B. ARMES,
GEO. K. GROVE.

HON. CHARLES S. MAY, *President of the Senate*; HON. SULLIVAN M. CUTCHEON, *Speaker of the House*; HON. JAMES B. PORTER, *Secretary of State*; and others:

GENTLEMEN:—Your flattering request for a copy of my sermon on last Sabbath, on Christian Patriotism, was duly received. It is a request difficult to be complied with. The sermon was preached from a *brief*, the reading of which might have occupied five minutes, while the sermon itself occupied but little less than two hours. This being the only manuscript that had been previously prepared, I have written out the discourse in full, as well as I could, from these brief notes and from recollection—taking the liberty to supply; here and there, a paragraph or two, which, for brevity's sake, were omitted in the preaching.

The discourse has been criticised by a pious correspondent of a very religious paper, (the Detroit Free Press,) as a desecration of the Sabbath. Of this, from the full report which I here make of it, every reader may judge for himself. The correspondent referred to, complains that frequent applause occurred during its delivery. If this was Sabbath desecration, those applauding must bear the responsibility of it—and not the preacher. It is only justice to the congregation, however, to say that an audience of more weight of character, of more intelligence, thoughtfulness or sobriety, of manner, it was never my fortune to address.

The copy is herewith submitted according to your request.

Yours, very respectfully,

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 28, 1863.

EDM. B. FAIRFIELD.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM:

A SERMON

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Representatives' Hall, Lansing, Michigan,

FEBRUARY 22, 1863,

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PRESIDENT OF HILLSDALE COLLEGE.



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S E R M O N .

In accepting the invitation to occupy this Sabbath afternoon, with a discourse on National Affairs, I do so, not because I have any wisdom with which to enlighten, or any eloquence with which to persuade; but because I do not think that any man, however humble he may be, or to whatever profession he may belong, has any right to stand aloof in the hour of his country's darkness and peril. He may be a Christian minister, but in becoming such, he is to be none the less a citizen or a man; nay, even the more, by virtue of his ministerial office, should he utter manly words, and true, in vindication of those changeless principles which lie at the foundation of the Divine Government, of all rightful human authority, and of all true and enduring national prosperity. Whether those, whose good opinion he values, shall approve or disapprove, he is nevertheless to be true to himself, to his God, and to his country; and wait in patience and in hope, the final approval of Him whose Ambassador he is. The words which one of Shakespeare's heroes addresses to another, might most fittingly be spoken to every minister, to every statesman, and to every man, at such a time as this:

"I charge thee, Cromwell,
Fling away ambition; love thyself last;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy God's,
Thy country's, and truth's; and then, if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

There is not one of us whose heart has been unmoved amid these fierce and fearful conflicts, in which brothers, speaking the same tongue, professing the same religion, and living for so many years under the same flag and the same

constitution, have met in direst antagonism, and shed their blood like water, on many a hard-fought field of battle. Least of all, can one, whose paternal ancestors, seven generations ago, sought a refuge from the oppressions and persecutions of the old world, amid the unbroken forests of wild and stern New England; and whose maternal ancestors, for almost as many generations, have slept beneath the ground which for twenty months has echoed to the tread of Johnson, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and their rebel hordes,—one in whose blood, as it were, the parties to this contest and the issues involved in it, *meet*—one who was born in the midst of slavery, but who was brought to the altar of liberty at an earlier age than eight years, to swear eternal enmity to the "peculiar institution" so accursed of God and of man, as was never any other that has found a place among civilized men—least of all can you ask of such a one that he should be an indifferent spectator of a contest like this.

A year ago I sought the birth-place of my mother, and the grave of her father, but found forty thousand rebel bayonets standing between me and the spot. Had I gone a few months sooner, I might have found the place of my own birth beleaguered by men in arms against the constitution of their fathers and mine.

Indifferent? Why, if this war were ten thousand miles from our shore, no man, with a heart of flesh, could stand unmoved. For there never was a war of such dimensions before, since the world began! I know that hyperbole is natural, and that the use of the superlative degree in reference to all things present, and of which we have a personal and bitter experience is very easy, but my words are weighed when I say, that considering the numbers of armed men—the intelligence and desperate determination of the parties—and the terribly effective enginery of war, employed in this contest, *there never has been another of equal magnitude!* Already more battles have been fought since the firing upon Fort Sumpter, than *all* that were fought during the seven

years' war of the revolution, the war of 1812, and the Mexican war combined. And any one of half a score of them has been more terrific and destructive than battle ever was before upon the American Continent. Considerably less than three hundred thousand men, Continental and Militia, were enrolled during the whole war of the first revolution; already more than a million have been enrolled in this. The Crimean war, the daily reports of which were read in every village in twenty States of this Union, was a small affair compared to that in which we are now engaged. The storming of Sebastopol was *pastime*. The storming of the old bastille of slavery is *war*!

And does the preacher need to vindicate himself for discoursing upon such a theme on the Sabbath, and from the pulpit? That were an easy thing to do, if the example of those glorious old preachers, the prophets, has any force in it. The very first chapter of these inspired teachings is full of breathing thoughts and burning words, as "the visions which Isaiah, the son of Amoz, saw, concerning Judah and Jerusalem, in the days of the kings of Judah," are enrolled before us, and as the seer discourses of national sins, national calamities, national repentance and national redemption. Read it at your leisure; I will not detain you now to hear it. And from that leaf to the last, there is scarcely one that has not upon it some text appropriate for a national sermon. Of all the "political preachers" that the world has ever known, and that corrupt rulers and debauched politicians have ever cursed or ever persecuted, the prophets take the lead! Witness Elijah, accused of "troubling Israel" by Ahab, a king of whom it is said, that "he did evil in the sight of the Lord, above all that were before him." Witness Daniel, whom scheming politicians, for his religious integrity, quartered in the lion's den, more to their own ultimate discomfiture than his. Witness Jeremiah, confined in the stocks by Pashur, the chief governor. Witness—but time would fail me to tell of others, who were scourged and tor-

tured, and stoned, and sawn asunder. *But they would "preach politics"* nevertheless—they would persist in denouncing *national* sins and *social* evils, as well as individual and personal; and they would insist upon it that rulers should "work righteousness," "seek judgment," "relieve the oppressed," "execute justice between man and man," and that "if men refused and rebelled" against such a government, "THEY SHOULD BE DEVoured WITH THE SWORD." And *professed* prophets who *withheld* from denouncing the wrong, and sustaining the right, fell under the scathing condemnation of these noble men and faithful preachers, in such words as these:—"they are all dumb dogs that cannot bark!"

The bible, everywhere, comments manly utterances for the true and the right, and condemns cowardly silence where there ought to be bold speech. Your preacher is vindicated, then, in discussing questions of national morality and freedom, from the pulpit, and upon the Sabbath; and vindicated, too, not only by the example of prophets and apostles, but by that of the noblest preachers in every age. Not a Sabbath, from the battle of Bunker Hill to the final declaration of peace, but heard electric words from those "sons of thunder," who filled the pulpits of America in that day of our country's trial.

As the particular theme for this hour, I announce:

THE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

And it has occurred to me, since I accepted your invitation, that of all the days in the year, this was most propitious for such a discussion.

Had you stood upon the banks of the Potomac, a little more than a hundred years ago, you might have seen, standing a few rods from the river's brink, a humble cabin, occupied by a pioneer family. It was in the month of April, 1750. The river, always rapid in that part, (for but half a mile below is a fall of several feet,) was swollen into unwonted fury by heavy rains that had fallen a day or two before. The

father of the little family was from home, and the children were enjoying their play, not far from the river side. It was about mid-day, and two or three young men engaged in surveying the wild lands in that vicinity, might have been seen, seated near by upon a fallen tree, and partaking of their noon meal, when suddenly a shriek was heard, and then another, and another, in quick succession. They hurried to the spot from which the shrill cry of agony had come, to find the mother of the little family frantic with terror, pointing into the maddened stream, into which her little boy of two years had fallen; and already the furious waves were bearing him rapidly downward, and far outward. One of the young men, a noble looking youth, began to thrust aside his outer garments. A companion remonstrated at the perilous venture; but he looked into the river, and quick as lightning into the imploring face of the almost despairing mother, and his purpose was formed. Letting himself down the precipitous bank, he dropped into the boiling current, and rapidly ploughed his way toward the floating garments upon which the mother's eyes were fixed, with a little gleam of hope. On, the noble swimmer pushed, while the lookers on scarce dared to breathe. He had reached it! he grasped it! but no!—a mad wave had dashed it away! Again: another dash with that strong arm,—but a vain one! And now the current was stronger—"the falls" were nearer, but the swimmer despaired not. Two lives were wrapped up in the venture—of the sweet little boy, and the heart-life of his frail mother. Another bold and vigorous battle with the sweeping tide—another nervous, muscular grasp, and a sharp cry, "Oh God," leaped from the lips of the mother, and tears came unbidden to the eyes of the swimmer's companions as the little form was lifted above the waters. But the struggle was to come. Only one arm was left with which to fight the waves; but that was a strong one, and nerved with such a purpose as an exalted humanity inspires, it had a strength not its own. The battle was quick over, and away down the

stream the two came safely to shore, and the drowning boy was dropped into the lap of his fainting mother!

That young man was GEORGE WASHINGTON, at the age of eighteen!—with that great heart of humanity beating strong in his breast, which did not cease to beat, till he was written down “the Father of his Country,” when he had, under God, delivered it in its infancy, from the overwhelming tide of oppression and of power; which did not cease to beat, until he was acknowledged “FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE, AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN!”

It was the 22d of February that gave Washington to his country, and to the world! *And this is his birth-day!* HAIL TO IT! All hail to WASHINGTON, *the Christian Patriot!* He has gone to his rest; but his country, though mangled and torn, and bleeding, still lives! And thank God for the confident hope that it will live yet, many—many years.

But I had almost forgotten to take a text. You would scarcely excuse me for failing to take one, when our *text-book* furnishes so many, and so beautiful ones. My theme is *Christian Patriotism*; and no text, for such a theme, strikes my heart so pleasantly—none seem quite so tender and touching, and every way appropriate, as the one which lies before me.

TEXT.—*By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps in the midst of the willows thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion.*

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Ps. 137: 1-6.

I would use this passage “as not abusing it.” And I think it no abuse to quote it as an illustration of Christian Patriotism. The writer and his countrymen were ill treated

captives in a strange land. "*Wasted*," and yet taunted! You can see them in your fancy, as in oriental style they sat down upon the ground—bent forward, each one holding his face in his hands, and both resting forward upon his knees; the very picture of dejection, and almost of despair! And now you hear their enemies, at the same time their captors and their tormentors—as jeeringly, and sneeringly, almost, they say, "Heads up, my good fellows; now sing us one of the songs you used to sing when you marched up to old Jerusalem! one of those real joyous dancing tunes to the time of which you used to trip so gayly, when you went up to the feasts!" Aye! "they required of them mirth." But their harps they had hanged upon the willows!

Methtinks some of our soldiers that have almost famished in the land of their captivity, at Richmond and elsewhere, some of whom have been glad to pick up crusts and bones thrown to the very dogs, and maintain life upon food fit only for jackals—some of them might understand this passage. Suppose their tormentors had come around to them in their dejection, as the noble boys have remembered home, and sighed for the humblest fare of a mother's kitchen, and dropped now and then a silent tear, while their hearts were still brave; suppose their cruel torturers had said to them, "Cheer up, my lively lads! Come! sing us Yankee Doodle! Give us the Star-Spangled Banner!" What think you? Would they have felt like it? It would not be strange, if, with such adding of insult to injury, they should lose their good temper as thoroughly as ever the writer of this Psalm has been charged with losing his, nor would it be wondered at if their indignation burned and flashed very much like his, in the words that follow: "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!" The Psalmist has been pretty severely dealt with for this breathing of retributive justice. But I think if you or I were placed in a similar position, we

should be able to understand him better. For my part, I have not a word of fault to find.

But I come to my subject. And,

I. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM IS FOUNDED UPON THE VERY NATURE WHICH GOD HAS GIVEN TO US.—Love of home is one of our divinely implanted instincts. We have all learned in spirit to sing the familiar words of one of our own poets:

“How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e’en the rude bucket that hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.”

Musing thus, we are carried back to the home of our childhood—under the shadow of the Granite Hills, to the old Bay State, within sight of the Green Mountains, along the Hudson or the Genessee, or the Ohio, may be across the waters—no matter where, to some spot that we called home, in the days of “Auld Lang Syne.”

Another sweet singer has enlarged this idea of home, when he says:

“All have their home. The chamois on the rock,
Leaps out his feeling of attachment;
The eagle hies her to the hollow tree,
Where she did rear her young the year before.”

Love of country is but love of home expanded. And it is not the spirit of Christianity to root out these instincts of God’s own planting; but to refine, exalt and enoble them.

II. THE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM UPON EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN ARE SEEN IN VIEW OF THE SACRIFICES WHICH OUR COUNTRY HAS COST US.—It has been bought with a price; the precious blood of many heroes has been shed for its redemption.

Fitz Green Halleck tells us of those

“Who love their country because it is their own;
And scorn to give aught other reason why.”

But we have other and weightier reasons for loving ours, and for maintaining its integrity and its freedom. It has cost us many lives to redeem it. *First*, from a wilderness, and *secondly*, from the tyranny of a haughty king; from barbarism in the beginning, and from despotism afterwards. The heroes of the May Flower fell in the first great battle with an inclement season and with stern privations. More than seven times were they decimated within a few short months from the landing on Plymouth Rock. Others that came after them, only pressed forward, themselves to fall in the same spot where others had fallen before them.

Our birth in the beginning was with many pangs; but our redemption from despotism was a still costlier one. We became by and by, after many a struggle and many a baptism of blood, "as of right we ought to be, a free and independent people." But "with a great sum obtained we this freedom." England is sometimes called our "mother country;" but I have little disposition to call her so. It has been said that the three sweetest words in our tongue are mother, home and heaven. I dislike to abuse the first of these by such an unhallowed association with the name of a country that has acted toward us so unmotherly a part as England. Nor will I cast undeserved imputation upon an already too much abused class,—occupying often times a most unenviable position,—by calling her, as some have done, "*our step-mother*." No! if she be any mother at all, she has often been a most *unnatural* one. Mothers upon the Ganges throw their children to the crocodiles sometimes. England has acted towards us much like that. A few years since a woman was seen begging through the streets of New York, upon the plea of a deformed and helpless child, which she bore in her arms. She gathered much money for weeks; and then it was discovered that the inhuman mother had, by her own act, produced the deformity, making her child a cripple for life, that its helplessness might gratify her avarice! England has been to us, much of the time for a hundred years, a mother like

that. I regret to say it; for as a child loves always to have across the way, or within reaching distance, a fond old grandmother, so I should love to be able to say with true affection, as an American, "England is our mother country." But, how can I?—when I remember the rigor of her rule a century ago, and the iron heel of tyranny with which she attempted to crush out our young life then; and, above all, when I see that in these days of our trial, instead of doing works meet for repentance, she repeats with aggravations the wrongs of other years, seeming to glory in our tribulations, and to rejoice in the opportunity of thrusting heavy weights upon the deck of our sinking ship.

"Friendships," it is said, "are tried by adversity." Then is that of England, for us, "weighed in the balances and found wanting." In the hour of your prosperity men may smile. It may be the smile of congratulation; it may be the smile of fawning servility; it may be the smile of envy; *it may be* the smile of genuine friendship. You can scarcely tell. But when adversity comes, you will find out. May I be forgiven if I do not love England well enough. But it is certain I do not love her quite enough just now to speak of her very affectionately as "the mother country."

In these remarks I speak of the ruling aristocracy of the country; many of the common people there feel otherwise. Some of the ablest of her men have spoken and acted far otherwise, and their names will be held in everlasting remembrance by a grateful people. It is said that the Queen herself loves America, and sympathises with the Union in this life struggle. If it be so, then will I join with the warmest of her admirers in shouting, "God save the Queen!" But it is of England *as a power*, that I thus speak. And history has recorded it that we were born in the first revolution in spite of her; and if we shall be born again to a still higher life in this second revolution, (and I believe we shall,) history will record it again, that our regeneration *was not due* to the friendly agency of "the mother country!"

Our country's independence, and freedom, and glory, has cost us something! We have been born to a vast and glorious inheritance—an inheritance of mountains and valleys, rivers and plains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf,—an inheritance of precious memories from the landing of the Pilgrims to this hundred and thirty-first anniversary of Washington's birth—and shall we, like that profane Esau, sell such a birth-right for a mess of pottage?

III. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS THAT THE UNITY OF THE COUNTRY BE MAINTAINED.—Our country is essentially one. Did some one tell it me? or did it come to me in the visions of the night? No matter—"whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, but I was caught up into the third heavens," and heard words which it *is* lawful for man to utter. As I was borne on high, I saw in my vision a grand convention, representing the vast domains of the Union as it was, and is, and ever shall be. I saw hoary-headed Mt. Washington, and Mt. Jefferson, and Mt. Franklin, and the "old man of the mountain," and on their banner it was written, "A band of brothers are we, from the Old Granite State." Massachusetts Bay, and the majestic Hudson, and the beautiful Connecticut, and the Savannah, and the Ohio, the Missouri, the Tennessee and the Mississippi, the Columbia and the Rio Grande, were there; the Green Hills, the Alleghanies, the Rocky Mountains and the Blue Ridge, were there; Niagara and the Lakes from the North, and the Gulf of Mexico from the South. It was a grand assemblage! A thousand starry eyes looked down from the galleries upon the majesty of the scene.

I listened to report to you, and the words that were borne to my ears, like a rushing, mighty wind, were these: "*Resolved*, That by the fiat of Almighty God, we are one; and what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" And the Atlantic, on the East, and the Pacific, on the West, lifted up their waves on high, and clapped their hands in boisterous applause, and the sound of shoutings that rose from every

plain, rolled through every valley and echoed from every mountain side, were like the voice of thunder and the noise of many waters.

OUR COUNTRY IS ONE. Early in our history, while there sat in the Presidential Chair, one of the strictest of the strict constructionists, of the "most straightest sect of that religion," was he—there came before the Executive and his Cabinet, the question of the "Louisiana purchase." The President admitted that there was no constitutional authority for making this purchase, and yet he made it, for fifteen millions of the lawful money of the United States—more or less. It was admitted by many to be extra-constitutional, and yet it was acquiesced in; nay, *it was approved*. No constitutional authority for it, but "the life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment," thought they. The constitution was but the raiment—the country's life and permanent prosperity were of more consequence than the strict construction of a parchment. I am not now admitting that in my opinion there was any deficiency of constitutional authority; the discussion of that question is unsuitable to this hour. But the strict constructionists claimed none, and had always insisted that the General Government had only a right to do the specific things allowed by that document. This was not one of them, AND YET THE COUNTRY NEEDED THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY FOR ITS OWN COMPLETENESS. The mouth of the Mississippi must not be held by a foreign power, and *with* constitutional authority or *without*, it must become ours.

Was it important then, and is it less important now? Shall we to-day, at the end of sixty years from the date of its purchase, allow the control of this important outlet to pass into the hands of a foreign power? Shall we surrender the occupancy of *both* banks of this river all the way from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf? I do not ask this question as one of policy, of finance, but as a question of Christian morals. Shall we divide in two, upon some imaginary line,

along which both nations must have their border police and their standing army? Shall we of the North-west pay tribute on the Mississippi River? No! NO! We shall insist upon sweeping across your imaginary line, with the unrestrained freedom of the grand old Mississippi itself! To have your border police and your standing army upon our side, and upon theirs, will be, as our poor fallen human nature is, to provide for **CONSTANT WAR** that shall cost us a hundred millions a year, and our peace for ever. No! War is a dreadful work, I know, and most of all, for brothers. And for that very reason must it be cut short in righteousness. When the alternative is, between finishing this war "for good and all," by a genuine and abiding peace, on the one hand, and arranging for ceaseless, annoying, petty hostilities on the other—*Christian* patriotism cannot be long in deciding. On this ground "justice and mercy have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Christianity and statesmanship strike hands in proclaiming, with the old hero of the Hermitage, "the Union of these States—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED!"

It has been coolly proposed since this contest began, that the Union should be re-constructed and New England left out! This proposition evinces the little sincerity of the *old* cry,—"*The Union AS IT WAS!*" That cry seems now only to mean—"The Southern States back again, even if New England must be expelled in order to do it." Do these men forget the history of the very war which made us a nation? Do they know that of the whole number of soldiers enrolled during the seven years of the Revolution, New England furnished more than half? Do they know that Massachusetts alone sent into the army—including both continental troops and militia—more than *eighty three thousand* men? while all the States south of Pennsylvania furnished *less than seventy-two thousand*? Do they know that little Rhode Island, with an area of 1,250 square miles—less than the counties of

Ingham and Jackson combined—that little Rhode Island furnished more troops than the great State of Virginia? and that Connecticut furnished *three times as many* as the boastful Old Dominion? This is a fact which, as a native of Virginia, I blush to acknowledge. But it was no fault of mine that I was born there. I have repented of it many a time, of late, and determined never to be born there again.

“Leave New England out in the cold?” If the Prodigal Son in the parable, had proposed to return to the home which he had so insolently left, upon the condition that his elder brother should be banished, wouldn’t that have been impudent enough? *Impudence?* It would have been decency and propriety, and filial and fraternal piety compared with the unutterable insolence of these shameless re-constructionists! Had the Prodigal proposed the banishment of his *mother*, and the entire surrender into his hands of the whole paternal estate and all its appurtenances, as the condition of his return, there would be something like a parallel! But no! he came back with confession and deepest humility, taking to himself such words as these: “Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.” When the seceding States shall come back thus to Father Abraham, it will be time enough to talk about the new robe, and the ring, and the fatted calf, and the welcoming music and dance.

Leave New England out? That will be to leave us all out! For no true son would consent to remain in a home from which a loving and faithful mother had been banished. And who are we? The Honorable gentleman who presides from this chair is a native of New Hampshire. The Honorable President of the Senate was born in Massachusetts. And nineteen-twentieths of all who hear me to-day are natives of New England or descendants from New England ancestry.

IV. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS OF US AN EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT UPON THE DIVINE PLAN. Government is a necessity of human society, and society itself is a necessity of man's nature. Hence men never have lived, and never can live without civil government. This necessity for government is itself the most solemn obligation to maintain it. For a profound writer has said truly: "We do not say that necessity *makes* law, but necessity *is* law." And legitimate government exists for the maintenance of rights and the punishment of wrongs. But, all theory aside, "to the law and to the testimony." Here it is in a few pregnant verses in the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

This is authoritative. Human governments are God's ordination. We are bound by Christian obligation to sustain them. But, is it not a broad assertion? Is the government of Nero ordained of God? Is every ordinance of Caligula ratified in Heaven? Was George the Third, God's Vicegerent? And is the government at Richmond, established by Jefferson Davis and his confederates, clothed with Divine authority, so that those loyal men who resist its claims, and stand by the old flag and the Constitution of 1787, become obnoxious to the charge of resisting God's ordinance? Paul was a close logician, and anticipated just such an objection. The following verse shows how he meets it: "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil." As much as to say, "this is the kind of rulers that I speak of, as ordained of God; if there *are* those who become a terror to good works and not to the evil, then *they* are *not* ordained of God, and they that resist shall *not* receive to themselves damnation." But the Apostle proceeds: "Wilt thou, then, not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt

have praise of the same; for he is the minister of God to thee for good." By logical consequence, then, if the doers of that which is good receive blame, instead of praise, and curses instead of blessing, and evil instead of good, the government at whose hands they are thus treated proves itself to be illegitimate and without authority. It is of *true governments*, maintaining rights and redressing wrongs, and of such only, that Paul speaks when he says: "they are the ordinance of God." This is the divine test for discriminating between a *government* and a *tyranny*; between legitimate authority and mere usurpation.

Now let us hear what Paul farther says respecting such God-appointed rulers:—"If thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God; a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Notice, (1.) That such rulers inspire fear in evil-doers. A government that fails to do that, falls short of the very end of its existence. When evil-doers incur not the wrath of the Executive, that Executive has failed in his duty. Notice, (2.) That the Apostle puts into the hand of these rulers a "sword"—not a *scabbard*, but a sword, and they "bear it *not in vain*!" It is not a sword with inscriptions and adornments and trappings to be worn in the drawing-room and on parade day; it is not a sword for show, but for use; one whose blade is of steel, and means blood and death to rebels; one for executing the laws, and for executing traitors who set these laws at defiance. Now don't blame me for this stern word; I did not put a sword into this verse. And among all the various readings, and interpretations and glosses of commentators, expositors and scholiasts, not one has ever hinted at a corruption of this text. Paul himself has put the sword into the hands of government, and if you are disposed to quarrel with it, you must settle the matter with him. I recollect once, in New Hampshire, of arguing a question with an ex-member of Congress, and when he was hard pressed in the argument, by a pointed

quotation from another of these epistles, he very coolly replied, "That's where Paul and I differ!" If any of you differ with Paul, settle the question with him, but don't quarrel with me. I speak to-day, only to those who admit the authority of the Apostolic teachings, and to such it must appear without a shadow of doubt, that human government means PHYSICAL FORCE, *whenever, wherever, and to what extent soever*, it may be demanded in its own vindication. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;" but RESISTANCE TO RIGHTFUL AUTHORITY IS REBELLION AGAINST HEAVEN.

It is to no avail to say that prophecy foretells a day when swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks. It does so, and a beautiful picture it is:

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it; and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." Is. 2: 2-4.

This is in the "last days." When there shall be no tyrant to oppress, no traitor to rebel, no foreign foe to assail, no armed hordes to resist the execution of just laws; *then* swords shall be beaten into plough-shares—not before. We have not yet reached those days. But we *have* reached those other times foretold by the prophet Joel:—"Proclaim ye this among the tribes. Prepare war; wake up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near; BEAT YOUR PLOUGH-SHARES INTO SWORDS, AND YOUR PRUNING HOOKS INTO SPEARS; let the weak say, I am strong." This is the dispensation under which *we* are living. This is the proclamation under which these nineteen States have waked up a million of men and sent them to the field.

V. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM FORBIDS THAT WE SHOULD YIELD TO SUCH UNJUST DEMANDS AS WORK THE OVERTHROW OF LIBERTY AND LAW. War is *terrible*—slavery is INTOLERABLE. I speak now of the slavery of *white men*. How is it? You have sent your

loved ones to the field; mothers their sons, wives their husbands, and children their fathers. After a while that noble boy of yours has come back again—not with gay step and joyous glee, to greet you with the glad words, “mother,” “father,” “sister,” as they ring from fond lips that speak a warm and generous heart, but in “garments rolled in blood,” at the head of a slow and solemn procession, his mangled corpse is brought to the door from which his feet departed but the other day, with a cheerful good-bye, and a warm kiss. You stand by his coffin, and your tears rain upon his pale, icy face. Oh! it is hard. You go bowed down to-day, and the heaviness of your heart will never be quite relieved this side of Heaven.

“ Brave boys are they—
Gone at their country’s call;
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget,
That many brave boys must fall !”

War is terrible! But their country demanded the sacrifice, and you laid them upon the altar. Your heart bleeds; but there is a balm for every wound. DRAFTING is a painful thing; and many a wife and mother have spent anxious days and sleepless nights at the dread prospect. But the blow comes, and you resign yourself and your friends to the demand of patriotism.

But try the other! Let some dealer in flesh and blood come to your home and lay hands on wife, or child, or mother, to reduce them to slavery. What then? You stand at your door, armed or unarmed, and the words hiss from your teeth, as though they came sissing hot from the burning furnace of your heart: “If you dare! Lay hand on wife, or child, or mother, and you do it at your peril! Over my dead body you must walk first!” Your soul is an uncapped volcano of melted lava to the very center, heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be. Make your child a *slave*!—mother? Your eyes would flash lightning at the miscreant that should propose it! The electric fires would dash through every nerve and fall in terrific lightning blows upon his ac-

cursed head! Let some man in dead earnest undertake to drag my child from my door to slavery, and there will be a coroner's inquest over *some body* pretty soon afterwards! War is terrible! But "is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of *chains and slavery*? Forbid it! Almighty God! I know not what others may think, but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

These thundering words that fell on the ear of the House of Burgesses ninety years ago almost, might now be uttered as fittingly in any of these Northern States, in view of the encroachments of Southern despotism upon our national liberties for a long time past. We have yielded enough! Even since this war began, our leniency has been deemed cowardice; our magnanimity, timidity; our long-suffering, pusillanimity and slavishness. "Our forbearance has ceased to be a virtue." LET IT END!

This contest is not one of our own seeking; but we cannot yield it! When a robber meets me at my door and demands of me full surrender and silent acquiescence in his usurpation, I yield to that demand only as I yield my self-respect and the last remaining spark of my manhood! I cannot do it. We have gone quite far enough on that road. We may honorably consent to die freemen; we cannot consent to live slaves.

Our Southern brethren have made demands and threats, and for the sake of peace, we have made concessions and submissions, until they thought us cravens and cowards. They boasted of their high descent, and their princely blood, and their chivalry; they were the patricians—we the plebeians; noble knights they—miserable caitiffs we. Our masters, high-born and well-bred, these Southern lords! their serfs, ignoble and menial, we Northern "mud-sills!" Their superciliousness and swagger has been quite too long responded to by our obsequiousness and sycophancy. We'll stop now!

"But they ask only half!" So a robber asks but half my house! But what assurance that he will not demand the

other half when it suits his convenience? And who will pay the guard that must stand day and night at the partition door, to protect my life and what remains of my property? Grant to these Southern banditti what they demand now at the point of the bayonet, and a standing army of two hundred thousand men will not secure us against other, and, if possible, more arrogant demands in the future. Emboldened by past success, there will be no limit to their shameless effrontery, no bound to their ambitious schemings, short of the utter overthrow of freedom on this wide continent!

VI. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS VIGOR IN THE GOVERNMENT. Bonaparte was a wise General. I have been praying for his resurrection these eighteen months! He tells us that when called to suppress an insurrection, he never began *by firing blank cartridges*. We did! and we have done little else since the war began. War? Yes, with the enemy it has been war,—stern, deadly, uncompromising, relentless, without an armistice. But with us it has been grand parades, and reviews, and long delays, and patient waitings! To this there have been some glorious exceptions, and a pure christian patriotism has rejoiced in them. For it is merciful in war to strike hard blows and fast. The man who begins by firing blank cartridges will only embolden and strengthen the enemy, and in the end, ten times as many men must die as would otherwise.

Thirty years ago, when rebellion was plotted, and the chief conspirator—Cataline himself—was living to give it power, we had a PRESIDENT in the chair,—not merely a “public functionary.” And he stood up to his full height—“every inch a man,”—and spoke words with a peculiar emphasis—which, possibly, the third commandment might not justify me in repeating—but which could not be misunderstood by the nullifiers of that day. They knew that when “Old Hickory” spoke, it was done. And the gibbet which Haman had prepared for Mordecai, upon that the treacherous conspirator was himself to hang. The country knew that Jack-

son meant it, and nobody had the courage or the ambition to be a martyr after such a fashion.

There is such a thing as being "lenient to a fault!" Coming ages will read with astonishment the history of this war—a war marked on the one side with all that is barbarous and vindictive in savage warfare, and on the other, with all the gentleness, and amenity, and civility of diplomatics itself. This rising in arms is rebellion,—HIGH TREASON—the greatest crime known to the statute book! Where is the gallows? Not here, but down there! And who hang upon it? Not one traitor as yet!—NOT ONE! But only loyal men, who have stood by the flag, and who have been hung by the emissaries of Jefferson Davis for *refusing to join* in his rebellion. Hundreds of brave and loyal men have died at his hands, and their blood will be found upon him. But with all our talk about the sacredness and dignity of law, not a traitor has our government sent to the gallows, though the law affixes no other penalty to this high crime! Yes!—I mistake. The brave Butler did hang one at New Orleans. And now observe. What have we said?—what has our government proclaimed in reference to the heroic loyalists who have been thus executed in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas? Not a word of anything. But when Butler hung a man, who, with traitorous hands, had plucked down the Stars which a Major General had ordered to float over a conquered city, was the Richmond autocracy so fearful of "irritating the enemy" as to remain dumb? No! No! A papal bull bellowed upon the track of Butler, and condemned him to die as a felon, if they ever catch him!

Let a man in the revolted territory but whisper a word against the usurpation of Jefferscn Davis, and he goes to prison and to death! But what sentence do we pass upon such as publicly denounce our government, rejoice in our defeats, and even threaten to assassinate the lawfully elected President of these United States? Send them to our State Legislatures, and to Congress! Witness Dr. Olds, a gradu-

ate of Fort Lafayette, escorted to his seat at Columbus, by a two-mile procession! Witness the *loyal* State of New Jersey, electing a man to the United States' Senate the other day, whose chief qualification for the office, seemed to be that he, too, had graduated from that same distinguished institution! Witness—but I forbear; my heart sickens at the long roll. *They mean war down South!* And we have *begun* to mean war here at the North. I use the past tense; the future I fear, would better express it. *We shall mean war* before the country is saved!

Who are our enemies? What is the style of their warfare? Their barbarism has lifted into the twilight of comparative civilization even the Sepoys of India, and the Sioux upon our western frontier. As I heard Parson Brownlow discoursing of his own experience, I felt my blood freeze and boil by turns. His narrative appears incredible, but his veracity has never been questioned, and truthfulness is apparent in his very manner. And when he pictured to us a narrow prison, cheerless, comfortless and reeking in filth, into which more than a hundred men were thrust for the crime of loving their country and its constitution, and its precious memories; the "dead cart" driving up day after day with its rough coffins, and driving away again with some of their number seated upon these coffins, destined to the gallows; and when he told us of one true man, who had wasted away by his long confinement, until, as he lay upon the stone floor, haggard and ghastly as a living skeleton, his bones had protruded through the broken skin, unable to turn himself over; his wife pleading at the door for the poor privilege of caring for him, and smoothing his way to the grave, but denied it—as he told of one who, for this same high crime of loving his country, was hung near the railroad, and for weeks his lifeless body remained suspended, that every day the riders on the railroad might, with hands, and feet, and clubs, inflict blows upon it—the conductor moving the train slowly by, to accommodate the infernals in their fiendish work!—Oh! I asked, are we fighting

with men, or with devils? Of such as these, it were no extravagance to say with Pollock:

"I strive in vain to set their evil forth;
Words that should sufficiently accurse
And execrate such reprobates, had need
Come glowing from the lips of eldest hell!"

I do not wonder that a Southern man like Brownlow, after his experience with these incarnations of malice and murder, should become a seething caldron of bitter vituperation and Caliban execrations.

And there may have been other and darker deeds that no Brownlow or Aughey have lived to rehearse. "Dead men tell no tales!" and we must await the future for the full revelation of all the atrocities that have marked the history of this rebellion. There may be too great leniency in dealing with such wretches as these. God commanded an utter extermination of the Hittites and Hivites and Perizzites and Amorites and Jebusites, that by their Heaven-daring deeds of crime had made the whole land of Canaan ripe for ruin. I know not but such is the bidding of Providence in respect to the high-handed traitors and outlaws with whom we have to deal in this contest. Certainly, if their utter destruction is the only condition of reinstating the Government in its lawful authority—let it come!

VII. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS OF US A LARGE HUMANITY. That was a noble speech of the old Roman—"the noblest Roman of them all"—"*puto nihil humani a se alienum*;" I think that everything which concerns humanity concerns me. The sublimest patriotism is that which rests upon the broad basis of justice and humanity, and overtops all the stunted growths of prejudice and *caste*. "THE GOLDEN RULE" is the law for all times and all peoples. Every human soul, bearing upon it the impress of God and of immortality, is embraced within the scope of Christian philanthropy, without which there can be no such thing as Christian patriotism.

Ages to come will look upon the Proclamation of January

1, 1863, as the noblest war measure known to history. This is most magnanimous revenge; to gain a victory over our enemies by striking off the fetters of millions of oppressed men, whom they have made the victims of an injustice so dire and so far-reaching as to involve in its calamitous consequences, not only themselves but the nation. And it is a glorious triumph which brings good not only to the conquerors, but even more to the conquered. For the fall of slavery will be to the South itself, the dawn of a brighter day than they have ever seen. Slavery has brooded like a starless night over that whole land; it has rested like a night-mare upon its political, and social, and religious life, during all the years of its power. They will breathe easier when the crushing incubus has been removed.

Such a result was no part of our plan. But "God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. FOR AS THE HEAVENS ARE HIGHER THAN THE EARTH, SO ARE HIS WAYS HIGHER THAN OUR WAYS, AND HIS THOUGHTS THAN OUR THOUGHTS." If slavery dies by the verdict and fiat of war, it will be only another illustration of the saying of Christ: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Oppression grasped the sword and assaulted the nation's life. If they grasped it by the blade, and it shall prove that its sharp edge has sundered some life artery of the fierce assailant himself, we shall not be among the mourners at the funeral! Slavery is the great felon, charged with this murderous and traitorous assault, and if it dies a felon's death, from its ashes shall spring a beauty and glory that shall cover all the land till time shall end.

A nation has a higher and deeper life than appears to many. True national greatness is not alone or chiefly, in wide domain, or brilliant achievements, or material prosperity—but in integrity, inflexible and equal justice, high and noble character and befitting deeds—in the largest liberty to every man to be and become all that God has made him to be. That man writes his name deepest upon the nation's

heart who writes it in lines of justice and humanity. He has committed his fame to the ages, and they will not let it die.

A long time ago in the reign of one of the Ptolomies, a light-house was to be built. The first architect of the Empire devised and executed the work; laid deep its foundations and built strong its massive walls. The story is that the vain king forbade the builder to attach his own name to the work, but required him to put the king's instead. The architect thought that if fame was worth any thing to either of them, it ought to be his. So deep on a hard granite rock he engraved his own name, plastered it over with a cement that might last a while, and in that cement was written the name of the king. The stone went into the huge pile; the work was complete. A few years, and king and subject alike slept in the grave. But the storms beat upon the huge pillar, and little by little the cement had crumbled, and with it the name of the vain and showy monarch; while that of the builder appeared in deep lines which the storms of centuries have not washed away!

Some men have filled the Presidential chair who will be known as dates are known, and not otherwise; but when the outside plaster on which their deeds have been written, has fallen away, and with it the memory of the deeds themselves—on the granite beneath, by the Proclamation of Freedom, issued from the National Capitol on the 1st of January, 1863, will be found engraved, in effaceless lines, the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Such deeds outlive, oftentimes, the very nation itself, to whose glory they have been wrought.

Men may sneer at humanitarianism, or abolitionism, or Christian philanthropy, but at that Judgment Seat, where you and I shall shortly appear, the Judge upon the throne of His glory, shall say to the approved: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Our Elder Brother identifies himself with the feeblest and humblest of the race. We may despise them;

but he does not. The slave may be our weaker brother; but if there is a child in the family, of whose rights the father is most jealous, and whose wrongs he is quickest to redress, that child is the invalid. Let one smite your grown up son, and you leave him to fight his own battles; he can defend himself. But let cruel stripes be laid on the innocent child of two or three short summers, and your ire can scarce be assuaged. And is not He that ruleth over all, "Our Father?" Aye! "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Call it sentimentalism if you will; but let me stand acquitted in the Great Day, of the charge of abusing or neglecting the humblest and lowliest of God's children. He has a great family to care for, but not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge, and "the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Let me not forget the word of high authority that speaks to me ever: "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them!" I spoke a little while ago of making *white* men slaves. But the Eternal Word makes no distinction on account of color; and as for that matter slavery makes just as little. It is a question of condition, not of complexion. "THEM THAT ARE IN BONDS," I am to remember, "AS BOUND WITH THEM." That is a hard saying, perhaps, but such is Heaven's law. Neither *my* mother, nor wife, nor children, are in slavery; but many a man as noble, as loving, and as loved of God as you or I, has no other than a slave mother, a slave wife and enslaved little ones. To remember them as in bonds with them! That is a high command! Years ago we followed a little daughter to the grave. The wheels rolled over the pavements heavily and sadly as our tears fell. She was a sweet little flower, just bursting from the bud, and I said involuntarily: "Gone! gone!" The words aroused me; for they belonged to the sad refrain of a slave-mother's song that I had read but a month before:

"Gone! gone, sold and gone!

Gone to the rice swamp, dank and lone!"

No! No! my heart bounded to say, as I brushed away the complaining tears; no, not gone there, thank God, but gone *up there*, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!"

God has come into our Paradise, making inquisition: "Where is Abel, thy brother? For the voice of thy brother's blood cries to me from the ground!" "Therefore, thus saith the Lord, ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword and to the pestilence." (Jer. 34: 17.) Like Joseph's brethren, we may say in this day of our calamity—"We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; THEREFORE IS THIS DISTRESS COME UPON US."

I am not here to discuss the *policy* of the Proclamation; only this I know, that "he that walketh uprightly, walketh securely." IT IS ALWAYS SAFE TO DO RIGHT. JUSTICE IS EXPEDIENCY EVERY WHERE AND ALWAYS. One man with the truth and right and God on his side, is mightier than a thousand armies enlisted to maintain the wrong! It is Henry Ward Beecher who has so beautifully said, "Whoever rides in God's chariot, rides to victory."

Not long since I listened to a remark, *somewhere*—no matter where—congratulating the four million slaves of the South, upon their happy condition prior to the commencement of this "Abolition War." Is that condition so happy that any man who thus speaks would be willing to occupy it?

The slaves contented? So much the worse were it true! For Edmund Burke never uttered a truer word than in saying: "WHEN YOU HAVE MADE A CONTENTED SLAVE, YOU HAVE MADE A DEGRADED MAN! A system that should prove itself capable of so imbruting a man, that he could consent to be a *THING*—a marketable commodity, merely, would show itself thereby to be *most supremely Satanic!*"

But it is not so. The love of liberty is quenchless until

the soul's light has gone out in utter darkness. It was many years ago, while slavery still lived in the West Indies, that there went out one day, upon a merchant brig, a gay party, to enjoy a pleasure excursion. But the fair sky and the smooth sea proved treacherous, and in the midst of their unsuspecting mirth, a storm was upon them. They wrestled with the waves a while, but the brig was soon dashed upon a rock, and fathers and mothers gathered upon the shore to see the uplifted hands, and to hear ever and anon amid the roar of the waters the imploring cry of the wrecked party. Relief must come soon or not at all. The waves dashed high upon the shore; the winds were furious. The little boats were near at hand, but to man them, was a fearful risk. And even paternal love dared not the venture of attempting the rescue against the frightful odds. Their slaves were ordered to man the boats at the peril of the lash; but a master's authority and threats were powerless against the terrors of the angry sea. Their affection for their young masters and mistresses was appealed to, but in vain. Not a boat was manned. Something must be done, and the masters were in consultation as to what. It was suggested to try another appeal; it was agreed to. And one of the planters shouted above the noise of the sea: "*Liberty to every slave who will go to the rescue!*" The effect was electric; palsied muscles were quickened into life. What the master's threats, what the boasted affection of slaves for the master's family could not move them to—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY COULD! They seized the boats, dashed through the waves threatening to engulf them at every stroke of the oar, reached the wreck, and brought safely to the shore the last member of the terror-stricken party; not one had perished! Such is the undying love of liberty to which the President's Proclamation makes its appeal. And when the slave believes our words, because we have given him *substantial reason for faith* in our promise of freedom, there will be no lack of brave hearts and strong hands to fight our battles for us.

There has been great progress humanity-ward and freedom-ward since this war began. We know the *facts* better than we did. Slavery has developed its intrinsic barbarism to the eyes of men who did not see it before. The proposition to return to the place of beginning is as absurd as to talk of putting an oak tree back into the acorn from which it sprang twenty years ago. You may take the two year old Eagle that spreads his pinions to grapple with the wildest storms, and return him to the shell from which he came, sooner than you can restore the American Nation to the position which it occupied at the commencement of this war.

A few years ago a young man became ambitious of gubernatorial honors in the little State of Rhode Island—a laudable ambition enough—for although the State is small, it is one of glorious memories, and its chief Executive is “Governor” just the same. With a large expenditure,—of many thousands, it is said—he succeeded. A friend rallied him upon the cost of his election, wishing to know how long a time it would take a salary of \$500 a year to repay such an expenditure. To this the Governor replied: “I am largely engaged in the manufacture and sale of prints—I shall be better known—more favorably in the South than ever. You will live to see the result!” Time passed on. The Governor met his friend—“Just as I told you, sir, I have sold a million and a half more of goods than ever before—chiefly at the South. And what’s more, on short notes of four, six and nine months; and more still, I have discounted every dollar of it and have the money in my pocket. My electioneering expenses are paid!” His friend admitted that the Governor had made a good investment; his Southern trade was a grand success. Time passed on; and the paper matured in the fall and winter of 1860. Not a dollar of it was paid by the Southern debtors, and the banks fell back upon the Governor as endorser, and *two millions* had gone to the bottom—swallowed up as hundreds of millions had been before, in the great sea of Southern bankruptcy! The Governor’s shrewd

financiering had failed after all! And then he resolved that he would get it out of them in another fashion. He became a Brigadier-General in the army, and has now gone to the Senate, a pretty thorough-going "anti-slavery fanatic," to deal heavy blows at a system that has lived by plunder for a hundred years. The experience of his Excellency was a dear school, but it educated him well. From words which I have seen from his pen, I should be inclined, in graduating him from this stern school of Anti-Slavery, through which so many have passed in these latter days, to give him the first honor of his class; unless, indeed, *that other man* from Lowell, Massachusetts, deserves it better. *He* seems to have made equal proficiency in Anti Slavery learning, and to have proved himself "born to rule," above any other man that has been developed in this war. I have hoped that, as, like the *chief butler* of Pharoah, he seems to have been deposed from his office for no good reason, so, like him, he might be speedily restored to it.

But to our well directed efforts at overthrowing the rebellion, by striking at the malignant cause of it, I hear it objected, by pious politicians, that this is a matter to be left to God's Government and the Divine Decrees! Now, in this theological aspect of the subject—were there any occasion for it—I should feel very much at home in crossing swords with my honorable assailants. But in truth, I have no occasion to take any exception to their own proposition, that we abide by God's decrees! Most joyfully do I acquiesce in it. And this is more, I fear, than these theological objectors themselves are prepared to say, when they have read the explicit decree which I find written for just such a rebellion as this. I read it from the second Psalm:

"Why do the nations rage," [nations or tribes; it may well apply to these seceding States,] "and the people imagine a vain thing? The governors of the land set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the LORD, and against His Anointed, saying: 'Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.'"

"He that sitteth in the Heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I WILL DECLARE THE DECREE. The LORD hath said unto me: Thou art my son; ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen [that means those fellows down there!] for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the land for a possession. Thou shalt break THEM [that means the rulers and governors that have devised the conspiracy] with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash THEM in pieces like a potter's vessel!"

That is the decree pertaining to this case? WE are ready to abide by it. *And not one word of it shall fail!* It is only for us to *act in harmony* with God's decrees, and not against them. That was sound Theology which was so quaintly taught by one of the earlier Divines of New England, who in starting to a distant appointment through an unfrequented and perilous road, was arraying himself for defense against possible attack. [That was the Puritanism of those days—no sickly sentimentalism and unpractical theories of non-resistance characterized the stern men of those heroic times. They carried their rifles to church, you know—set them in the pew beside them; determined to worship God according to their own consciences, and that there *should* be "none to molest or make them afraid." They were of the Cromwellian stripe, and remembered the speech of the Protector when he said to his men, not in jest, but in stern earnest, "Now, my boys, trust in God, and keep your powder dry!"] Our old Divine was of this same faith, and knowing his exposure upon his projected journey, had his side arms in readiness. A waggish neighbor said to him, "Doctor, have you not preached to us that in God's decrees a man's time to live and his time to die were fixed?—and why take your fire-arms, for you cannot die before your time, without subverting the unalterable decrees of Heaven!" "Aye,

true," replied the ready Doctor, "but suppose I should meet a highwayman, whose time had come to die, and I had no fire-arms, what *then* would become of God's decrees?"

We believe that when even the Czar of Russia—despite his nobles—has spoken forty millions of serfs into manhood; that when slavery in this land has instigated the plot to subvert our constitution, and a benign government under it; when it plunges the nation into a sea of blood, to consummate its nefarious schemes; then, surely, however we may have differed before, every loyal man must agree THAT GOD'S TIME HAS COME FOR SLAVERY TO DIE! And I shall not be found fighting against God's decrees, nor standing between the executioner and the convicted felon!

VIII. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS THAT WE SHOULD BE WILLING TO MAKE SACRIFICES.—The world is full of vicarious suffering—suffering which one endures for another's sake. Parents suffering for their children, martyrs for the church, patriots for their country. On the 20th of October, 1761, 4,000 Englishmen assailed a New England town with fire and sword. Taken by surprise, some fled, some fell. A train of powder was laid from the magazine in the fort, to the sea, to be fired when the dastardly assailants were free from danger. Two or three wounded men, left to die, lay near the train. One, WILLIAM HOTMAN, by name, proposed to the others that he and they should crawl to where the powder lay, that their flowing blood might wet it, and their bodies intercept the fire; thus the magazine and the fort and the lives of their surviving comrades might be saved. The proposition was accepted, but only Hotman had strength to carry it out. The plan succeeded. The fort was saved, but Hotman was dead. On a tomb stone in the cemetery at New London, Ct., the facts are briefly rehearsed, and followed by the short sentence, "Here lies the body of WILLIAM HOTMAN!" Proud epitaph! But such are the terms which are often submitted, upon which alone safety comes to a community or a nation.

"It is expedient for us, that one man should die for the

people and that the whole nation perish not." Our country is worth the sacrifice which we are called to make. Shame on the man who can mutter a word at the expenditure of any money which may be necessary to this end! And while we pray to be delivered from shameless contractors, and spendthrift officers, who are willing, in such a day as this, to pounce like vultures upon a fallen nation, in the hour of its weakness and its need, we will still be liberal to the Government while it expends its treasure for saving the nation's life. And away with the contemptible croakers who are feeling in their pockets, and counting over their money, and brooding over increased taxes, and higher prices, to see if they are a penny poorer because of this war; and if they are, begin to talk of *surrender*, and of the "good old days" in which the oligarchy of the South ruled us to their heart's content! Imagine a thousand men in some stronghold, besieged by five thousand foes without. Day after day the siege continues. At length ten thousand friends appear in the distance, hastening to raise the siege. They come with drum and fife, with banners and with shouting; and how do the besieged greet them? Oh! they send forth some penny-wise, sniveling, croaking niggard to meet them with the shout: "Take care! spare the fences! save the corn! don't walk on that potato patch! there's a penny, don't tread it into the dust!" Will they? Even the very stones in the wall would cry out a welcome! Growing crops would be forgotten! and a shout with waving of banners and beating of drums, would give a large and generous greeting to the advent of the deliverers!

Taxes high? Prices up? Then count it all joy that you, too, can do and suffer something for such a country as this? Rejoice that you may in some little measure fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of those who have perished in battle, and in camp, and in captivity, for our country's redemption. I blush to speak of the cost of this war to me, when I see a father who has sent four sons to the army, and now and then one who has buried all that he had at Corinth, or Murfreesborough, or on the Potomac.

We talk of a heavy national debt; but what is riches worth without a country? What value has land when national integrity and liberty are lost? National debt? England's is *four thousand millions*; and not one of her statesmen ever dreams of paying a farthing of it. Yet we call England happy: and the other day she could expend twenty millions more, rather than brook a slight insult, as she claimed, in the affair of the Trent—an insult which consisted simply in returning to her own lips the cup she had so often pressed to ours.

Talk of what this war costs—in *Michigan*? Where are your fields laid waste?—your personal property seized by the invaders?—your buildings burned? Never did this State know richer crops—more remunerative prices—more material prosperity! The zeal of the confederates might well put us to shame! *They* know what war costs! And we should blush to own that we are unwilling, in the cause of constitutional government, and justice and freedom, to sacrifice half as much as they are willing to sacrifice, in the interests of unprovoked rebellion, injustice and slavery—the maddest enterprise that ever infatuated men undertook to accomplish!

The only *sacrifice* we have made is of our noble soldiers. That is sad: but we must learn in this respect a lesson from the heroic Spartan mother, of whom you recollect. She had sent her sons to the battle which was to decide her country's destiny. The engagement over, a messenger hastened to tell her the issue. "What news?" she asked. "Your sons have fallen!" he replied. "Miserable man!" said the mother, "I asked not for my sons—what of my country? Is that safe?—are we free?" "Our country is safe, and we are free!" "Then I am happy—my boys have fallen! but my country is redeemed!" That's heroism!—heroism, I believe, such as lives to-day; and American mothers will resign their brave ones to death—rejoicing, in the midst of their tears and their heart agonies, that their country survives, and that freedom triumphs!

IX. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM DEMANDS THAT WE SHOULD "NEVER DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC."—And especially of a Republic with such a history in the past, and such a mission in the future, as ours. Our nation's work is not done! It is not yet God's time that we should die! All the years that are past have only been years of preparation for the magnificent career which is still before us!

We have had talk of surrender and of compromise. But, in the providence of God, we are now beyond the danger of that. If WE were shameless enough to consent to it, the South is not. Hence the change which, within a few days, has taken place on the part of the secession sympathizers in all the North. Their emissaries have reported from Richmond that separation is the only thing to which our enemies will consent. And even John Van Buren is not quite ready for that! As we listen to the words of that gentleman the other day in the metropolis, speaking on behalf of the government, we ask spontaneously—"Is Saul also among the prophets?" Not that I have much reliance upon the leadership of such as he; but there are men whose statesmanship consists chiefly in a sagacity that is quick to discern "which way the wind blows." We use no very heavy material for a weather vane. And it is only as an index to the public sentiment of his class that I allude to this speech. There is a growing conviction among even the bitterest opponents of the Administration, that the government *must be sustained*, and the rebellion crushed, at whatever cost.

But there is a far brighter aspect of public affairs than even this. The ship of State that started out upon its voyage, eighty-seven years ago, with the star of freedom shining full into the eyes of the pilot, almost straight over the flag-staff that stood upon the prow of the vessel, has been for a long time veering from its course. Now it begins to return! Years ago a merchantman, belonging to Philadelphia, was on her voyage to Liverpool, and the pilot, weary with his work one night, called the colored steward to the wheel for

an hour or two, while he might enjoy his rest. The directions were plain, and plainly given :—"Keep that star which you see yonder straight over the bow of the ship." "All right, sir!" The pilot slept, until he was aroused by the good-natured cook with—"Come, captain, I want you to give me another star—got clean past dat star long ago!" And true enough, the ship was careering on straight to the south with the given star far in the rear! Need I declare my parable unto you? Ever since slavery has become the pilot of our old Ship of State, she has dashed madly southward, past the star of freedom that appeared in the Heavens, shining so brightly over our flag-staff on the Fourth of July, 1776. On the first day of January, 1863, the ship tacked about, and now we are freedom-bound again! It only remains, as we find ourselves now in the midst of "a mighty tempest in the sea"—so mighty "that the ship is like to be broken"—that we throw overboard the rebellious Jonah, "for whose sake the great tempest is upon us:"—and if he shall be swallowed up, and never be "vomited out again upon the dry land," while the world stands, we shall not be sorry!

Reverses must be expected: nations, like individuals, become strong by trials! God rears the mountain oak amid mountain storms. The roughest winds sing its lullaby through the hundred years of its infancy, and it defies the tornado for a thousand years afterwards.

We have had reverses—but *reverses* are not *defeats*!—Seeming disasters are oftentimes the truest and grandest successes. The hottest fires only consume the dross, and leave the gold the purer. Storms may terrify the timid, but the wise and brave hail the lightnings as God's messengers—coming on errands of mercy and good-will to men—purifying the air—and dropping from their swift wings, as they pass, health to the invalid, and life to the dying. If it be true that "RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation," then does ours stand higher to-day than ever before. TO BE RIGHT IS TO BE CONQUEROR: to be wrong is itself the direst defeat.

Had we succeeded sooner and easier, present success might have been only ultimate failure. We were never so near to victory as we are to-day. The enemy has driven us back sometimes ; but it has only been to renew our strength, to raise higher our banner, and now—that LIBERTY is written upon it—to march again to a triumph that shall be for all time, when it is once achieved ! I was not of those who expected an easy conquest when this struggle began ; and when the President called for seventy-five thousand three-months' men, though “neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet,” I ventured to say, that—*if this war was not to be a failure*—it would need ten times as many men and ten times as long to fight it out ! Perhaps it was my bad Southern blood that taught me by instinct the desperation of the enemy. But in due time, WE SHALL SUCCEED ! and our very reverses in the past, shall be reversed in our favor *in the good time coming*, by and by !

Months ago a mock procession of six hundred men down at Memphis, marched with beat of muffled drum to the funeral of the old flag, and they buried it in a grave six feet deep ! So men eighteen hundred years ago, buried THE CHRIST, rolled a great stone against the door of the sepulchre, and set four quaternions of soldiers to guard it. But despite their watch, angels rolled away the stone, and THE CRUCIFIED came forth with a glorious resurrection, leading captivity captive ! The time is not far distant when the land shall be shaken with a mighty earthquake, and the insulted and buried flag shall come forth with a resurrection power, and shall float in prouder triumph than ever, over the very scorners that have heaped indignity upon it !

I love the old flag ! I love it for its precious memories, during these eighty-six years in which it has been the ensign of the nation ! I love it for its motto—“E PLURIBUS UNUM”—one out of many. And we shall never consent that traitor tongues shall teach our children to read it *backward*, and make many out of one ! I love the bird that perches above

it—for the reason for which our fathers loved it, and chose it for their ensign—because the American Eagle dwells proudly in freedom, and cannot endure subjugation!

“Go! let the cage with grates of gold,
And pearly roof, the eagle hold!
Let dainty viands be his fare,
And give the captive tenderest care:
But say! in luxury’s limits pent,
Find you the king of birds content?
No! oft he’ll sound the startling shriek,
And dash the grates with angry beak!
Precarious freedom’s far more dear,
Than all the prison’s pampering cheer.
He longs to see his eyry’s seat,—
Some cliff on ocean’s lonely shore,
Whose bare old top the tempests beat,
Around whose base the billows roar.
When tossed by gales, they yawn like graves,
He longs for joy to skim those waves,
Or rise through tempest-shrouded air,
All thick and dark, with wild winds swelling;
To brave the lightning’s lurid glare,
Or talk with thunders in their dwelling!”

Such is the bold and liberty loving eagle which we have chosen to be the symbol of bold and liberty loving America. May the symbol ever be a true one! The banner that waves over us means more to-day than ever before! It portends in a fuller and sublimer sense, life to the nation and death to oppression! Never before did those magical words of Webster have so grand a significance—“Liberty AND Union! now and forever, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!”

Despair not! The day of our redemption draweth nigh! Our brothers have gone to the field—but they have gone to conquer! In this great contest JUSTICE and RIGHT and HEAVEN are for us!

“O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war’s desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
“Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—“In God is our trust!”
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O’ER THE LAND OF THE FREE, and the home of the brave!”